

SOLAR SAILORS

**THE
DEHORN
CREW**

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SIDE ONE

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Lyrics and original music © 1977 by Leslie Fish
Arrangements by The Dehorn Crew

It all started...

I first ran across Leslie Fish in the spring of 1976 when I was dragged to a small, local Star Trek convention by Carol Shuttleworth. Since I was at that time a diehard science fiction fan, with the typical snobbish attitude toward "Trekies", I really didn't expect to enjoy myself very much. All of the fans there were strangers, and kept talking about things I had never heard about--you see, I had never even seen most of the episodes of Trek, and so I felt rather out of place. That is, until Leslie started to play.

Maybe I should explain at this point that I have been a fan of science fiction folk songs--"filks"--for as long as I have been involved in fandom. I've become rather infamous in fannish circles as "the guy with the tape deck", since I have this obsession with quality recordings and tend to drag my huge cassette deck to every convention. Although I sometimes think it's more trouble than it's worth, I've managed to get some pretty interesting material on tape over the years. So I was well-primed for the day I first heard Leslie.

Her music wiped me out completely; she was the most professional filker I'd ever heard. The fact that she wrote all of her own material made it all the more exciting. I got up the courage to tell this amazing woman that I liked her material. She smiled, as only Leslie Fish can smile. We promised to keep in touch. I called her a couple of times when I was passing through Chicago (not often, since I was going to school in Columbus, Ohio at the time). We met again at the Chicago science fiction convention, WindyCon, in October. I hung around Leslie, mainly because she looked a little lonely, and because I had by that time become a "groupie". We quickly became friends, especially after she rescued me from a dead battery by offering to put me up until I could get a new one. I met her friends Mary Frohman and Robin Øye; they entertained me until the wee hours of the morning with their songs. Although I had spent hours on end listening to their first album while recovering from an accident, I was still amazed at how fresh everything sounded, even things I had heard countless times before. I sat fascinated while Leslie said, "I have an idea," then proceeded to compose "Starwind Rising" right before my eyes, in less than twenty minutes. The seeds of an idea for a second album began to form...

I went back to Columbus to start work on my first project, a book of Trek songs called THE COMPLETE TREKFILKER. Since Leslie's songs made up a large part of the material, we kept in close touch. I'm not sure just when the idea to do the record came up; we're convinced it just decided to happen all by itself. I remembered passing the recording studio at Ohio State, and stopped in to meet Ed Thompson to talk about the possibility of doing an album there. Ed was excited about the idea--he was a Trekfan himself, and the studio had never been used for an album before...he was itching to try it out. We made all of the arrangements, and on April 11th we had a 10-hour marathon recording session (delayed somewhat by The Attack Of The Pizza-And-3.2-Beer Monster from the night before). Once we got there, though, things went smoothly. I decided to call the album SOLAR SAILORS after my friend Diana Stahl showed me an article on solar sailing research being done by NASA; I couldn't think of a more appropriate name for the album.

You hold the results in your hands. I hope you enjoy hearing SOLAR SAILORS as much as I did making it.

Steve Reubant

Who are these people?

THE BANDERSNATCHI PRESS

A Jinxian weight-lifting exercise; also, Steve Reubart's artistic alter-ego, a welter of hopeless-but-cheerful confusion stuffed into a paper-strewn office at 2100 N. Halsted in the Windy City. Proceeding with the typical snail's pace of the average fanzine and the fussy-meticulous care of a Victorian housekeeper, the Bandersnatchi Press is also preparing THE COMPLETE TREK-FILKER, a lavishly-illustrated collection of Trek songs. By some strange and wonderful coincidence, it just happens to contain all of the songs on this album and on an earlier album, FOLK SONGS FOR FOLK WHO AIN'T EVEN BEEN YET.

THE DEHORN CREW

Our band. In the early days of the Industrial Workers of the World, the "dehorn crew" was the committee that closed down the saloons during strikes and on nights when union meetings were held, so that fellow workers had no distractions to keep them from meetings or picket lines. The present Dehorn Crew is a Chicago-based folk music group composed of Mary Frohman, Leslie Fish, Kathleen Taylor, and Carol Shuttleworth (Robin Øye has unfortunately left the group for California since the recording was made). The group is happily affiliated with the I.W.W.; it got its start performing at union rallies and strike benefits, then expanded its repertoire to include traditional and contemporary folk music, original compositions, and a bit of country and blues as well. Our unique sound comes from the strange mixture of our musical interests and backgrounds: everything from rock to classical to country/western to blues to Great-Bird-only-knows-what. Weird!

THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

Also known as the I.W.W., or Wobblies; our union. It's a revolutionary labor organization which advocates industrial democracy--the idea that industry should be run democratically by all who work there. This also means that the I.W.W. believes in production for use rather than profit, abolition of the wage system, reduction of work hours through the elimination of non-productive work, redistribution of productive work, and equitable sharing of the benefits of technology. The way to do this, the I.W.W. believes, is to organize people into one big union. This is a pretty revolutionary vision of the way things should be, and Wobblies don't just preach it; they try to live it, too, which is the best way to test any social theory. As a result, the Wobblies have a fierce devotion to reason, democracy, freedom, good music and good beer--and the I.W.W. has long been one of the most militant and imaginative forces in the labor movement. 'Nuff said?

LESLIE FISH is the mad genius who wrote and composed all of the songs on the album. It is her highly-expressive voice that you hear belting out the verses (on all but two songs) and leading the choruses. Hers too is the lead guitar, a cantankerous 12-string which she affectionately calls "Monster", and coaxes some incredible licks out of. Leslie is the serious Trek fan in the band (though she's been corrupting the rest of us) and is well-known in fandom for her writing and illustrations in WARPED SPACE and other fanzines, as well as for her songs.

MARY FROHMAN sings lead on "Thoughts On Strange Visitors" and "Neutral Zone, Romulan View." (She's our resident expert on alien folksongs.) She also fills in the sound on our choruses. Mary has a fine, big voice, an incredible range, and an unbelievable beer capacity. She helps make the driving rhythm of "Starwind Rising" by adding a modally-tuned 6-string guitar, capoed up to produce a dulcimer effect. Mary has been dragged (somewhat willingly) into the Trek scene by Leslie, and is now sufficiently immersed to attend cons and aid and abet Leslie in her writing.

ROBIN ØYE is our star instrumentalist. He plays a wild-sounding jazz flute that really "makes" some of our arrangements, and alternates on a highly-creative, twenty-second century bluegrass mandolin. Robin got married recently; he and his wife have moved off to California. We miss him...a lot. Robin's involvement in Trek fandom has been limited to posing (under great protest) for some of Leslie's drawings of Mr. Spock. (He would prefer to watch the White Sox, thank you.) There is absolutely no truth to the rumor that Robin has pointed ears.

KATHLEEN TAYLOR, introducing myself, I play 5-string banjo on several of the cuts on the record, bodhran (an Irish folk drum) on a couple of others, and backup guitar on "Thoughts On Strange Visitors." I also add my voice to the choruses. In the last year, Leslie Fish has corrupted me to the point where, instead of merely watching STAR TREK if I happen to be home when it's on, I now come home in time to watch it!

STEVE REUBART is one of those people who makes things happen. One of the things he made happen was this album--he set up the recording session, then coaxed, inspired, nagged, and cajoled the rest of us into doing our parts. Steve's suggestions, encouragement, energy and enthusiasm have acted like a catalyst for the rest of us. A computer programmer with the patience of a Vulcan and an artist's conception of the way things ought to be, Steve has the knack for bringing out the best in people and putting it to use.

CAROL SHUTTLEWORTH, who recently moved to Chicago to become the newest member of The Dehorn Crew, supplied the high harmony and backup 12-string guitar on "Banned From Argo." She proved to be invaluable during the taping of SOLAR SAILORS; she was on hand to offer transportation, helpful suggestions, her time, and her talent. We expect some great things to come from Carol, who is also a fine songwriter in her own right.

LORI HUFF, despite all efforts to escape, remains trapped in Columbus, Ohio. She's one of the most die-hard science fiction fans we've ever met. It was her hobby of belly-dancing, however, that led her to provide the alien-sounding finger cymbals on "Neutral Zone, Romulan View." Although she has become more involved in SF fandom than in ST, we think there's still a place in her heart for the crew of the Big E. (If the Dorsai Irregulars ever show up on board, we'll know where they got the idea...)

ED THOMPSON is an incredibly talented recording engineer for the Ohio State University Recording Studio. His interests lie everywhere from jazz to old railroad trains, and--luckily--include science fiction. Ed was a big help to us throughout the recording session, and took extra-special care with everything to make sure it came out as perfectly as possible. As Captain Kirk might say, you'd be amazed at what you can do with a good engineer.

GORDON CARLETON, our cover artist, is a closet T'Kuhtian married to a famous Trek-fanzine editor who is said to have carried him off in the dead of night. She keeps him locked up in an enchanted cave in Lansing, Michigan, where he draws splendid illustrations, night and day, for her fanzines. Gordon is the only fanzine artist known to have gone to Baskin-Robbins in a Wookie suit. Rumor has it the fur was his own...

CLYDE JONES, who did all of the photography for the album, is a big, blond, bearded weirdo who takes fashion photos of computers, makes lightsabers in his spare time, and generally comes out of hiding only on those nights with a full moon and during SF and ST conventions...when he can be seen stalking around in his Darth Vader outfit and carrying a homemade laser pistol. He's the only photographer we know who can make a nova out of a flashlight, a loading-ramp out of a guitar neck, and a starship out of a used pantyhose carton. Weird, all right.



"WE ARE NOT ALONE" was one of the major themes of STAR TREK, and that idea seems fitting here. We weren't alone, either, in the making of this album; there were lots of folks handy to provide help when we needed it. Thanks to:

MR. & MRS. KENNETH TAYLOR for the constant moral and financial support.

MR. & MRS. FRED REUBART for putting up with the producer through all of this.

BOB HUGHES for the use of his flute when Robin's died in rehearsal.

BOB HALLORAN for general support and the photos of the recording session.

MABEL BLUNK, LAURIE ANN HALDEMAN, CHARLENE TERRY, AMANDA RUFFIN, and especially LAURIE HUFF of GALACTIC DISCOURSE for providing the much-needed "Peanut Gallery" at the studio.

LORI CHAPEK-CARLETON, who has been pushing the album on not much more than faith ever since we decided to do it.

DIANA STAHL for remaining tolerant above and beyond the call of duty while all of this was going on around her.

Of course, we had a good bit of professional help as well {most of us could use professional help after working on the album for this long!}:

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Just in case you're interested, additional copies of this album can be ordered for \$5.50 {which includes this booklet and postage} from:

THE BANDERSNATCHI PRESS
2100 N. HALSTED, THIRD FLOOR
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60614

Please allow six weeks for delivery--you know how slow the Post Office is!

STARWIND RISING.....10
This is the result of a bull-session between Leslie and Steve after reading a copy of STARWIND, a science fiction magazine published at Ohio State University. It's a comeback to the popular idea that Earth is, or deserves to be, quarantined from galactic society because of the horrid aggressiveness of the natives. But pacifism, too, can foster tyranny. Where then would the rebels go to seek help? Aggression can be useful! WE could be weapons!

ETERNAL LOSER.....10
A song for Trek fans, this chronicles the sad love life of our favorite starship captain. Poor man: every time he gets the girl, he loses her before the last commercial! He still has the ship, but for how long?

WOBBLES FROM SPACE.....11
Dedicated to Joe Vlad, the oldest member of our union, who was 96 when he died on May 26, 1977. I've often wondered why so few SF stories deal with the future of the labor movement; doesn't anyone believe there'll be unions, strikes, or labor organizers in the future? This was written to fill that gap; as long as someone works for someone else, we'll need men like Joe.

COUPLETS FOR A DEPARTURE.....12
All we know about our favorite Starfleet doctor's background is that he comes from Georgia, has a daughter named Joanna, and went to space to forget about an unhappy marriage and divorce. Attempting to cover all of these bases, this is a bluegrass divorce song with a science fiction twist: instead of driving to another city, the hero runs off to the stars.

CASTAWAY.....12
An outer-space shipwreck song, pretty much self-explanatory. The stark, simple words and tune made it especially hard to write, but it gave us the opportunity to try some of the most unusual instrumental work on the album.

BANNED FROM ARGO.....13
Strictly for fun, this is a raunchy, boastful "fo'c'sle" chantey, based on an old ballad tune ("The Boston Burglar"), about the Enterprise crew on shore leave. Written almost overnight (after finding that we were one song short for a full-length album), the song sounded a bit thin the first time through, so we grabbed Carol Shuttleworth and her 12-string and added them to the chorus.

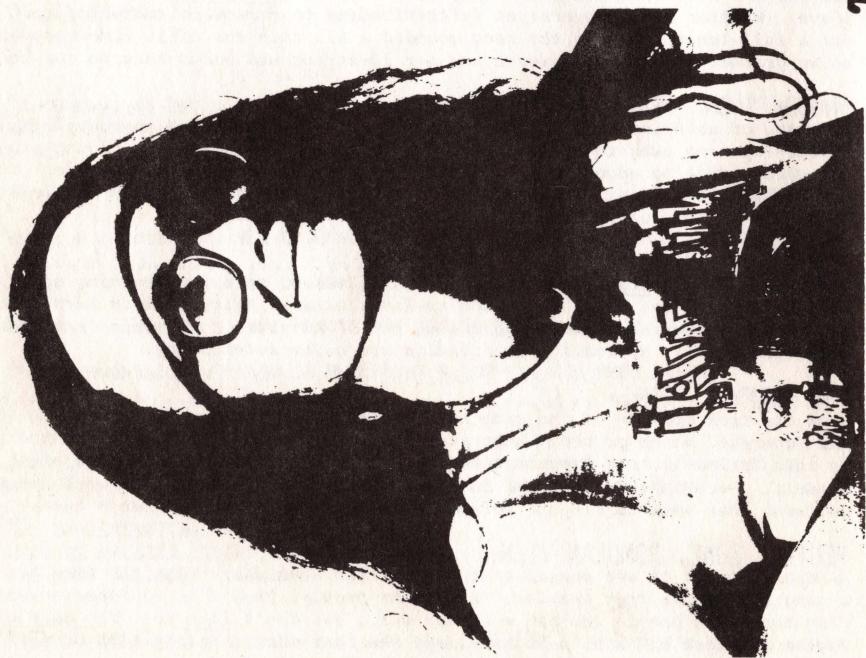
THOUGHTS ON STRANGE VISITORS.....14
How many of us daydream about being kidnapped by, or stowing away on, a flying saucer--running away to space, leaving our mundane roles behind, flying around the galaxy seeking adventure? Do you think you're alone in such dreams? This song is from the point of view of one such dreamer, but it's set a couple of centuries in the future, and the wanderers he envies are us.

SIX HAIKU FOR A NEW FLOWER.....14
A song for the Enterprise's oft-neglected helmsman, this is something of a technical exercise. Getting a tune to fit classical Haiku form is hard enough, and getting an oriental-sounding melody out of American folk-music instruments is harder still! Musically, the results are quite interesting.

THE ENEMY WITHIN.....15
From the Trek episode of the same name, wherein the Captain is split into Id and Superego, which go their separate ways until forcibly put back together. In this follow-up, the Captain takes a long look at what he's learned about himself. Note that in this and in "Eternal Loser" we use similar word and tune patterns that seem to fit his personality--and also make good banjo tunes!

NEUTRAL ZONE, ROMULAN VIEW.....15
Another attempt to see ourselves through alien eyes, this time the Romulans'--a gang of regular Trek heavies. A warlike people, they'd be confused--even frightened--by people who can make war well, but don't like to. The martial rhythm is aided by Kathy's bodhran, and the last-minute inspiration of Lori Huff's finger cymbals adds an interestingly "alien" sound.

LESLIE FISH



MARY FROHMAN



THE
DEHORN
CREW



ROBIN ØYE

KATHLEEN TAYLOR



Starwind Rising

REFRAIN: ...And there's a starwind rising,
Stretching skyward sails.
Earthborn seeds fly outward--
Let the stars beware!

Feel this stirring in the time-ripe world;
See old Gaia smile,
Knowing the seed-pods will swing open
In only a little while. (Refrain)

Ancient the long decree that held us
Tied to the old world's ground.
Vast the ancient plan that leads us--
Children of Earth unbound! (Refrain)

Turn, you Lords of the endless starways;
See your ways undone--
Gaia's variable children spring
From their prison 'neath the changing sun. (Refrain)

Fear the end so long awaited
As the changeable kind breaks free--
Come to break your status into change,
As it ever was meant to be! (Refrain)



Eternal Loser

I loved a girl named Ruth, once, but lost her on my way.
I saw her shadow walking on a shore-leave world today.
And now it's time for going. I leave this world behind.
I've even lost her shadow, save the one left on my mind.

I loved dark Miramanee on a world called Paradise,
And dreamed away a season there, my years drowned in her eyes.
All duty was forgotten, all thought of death denied.
I held her in my arms all night, and in my arms she died.

I loved sweet bright-eyed Edith outside Time's written line.
She told me all her secrets, and I never told her mine.
My world's survival waited, past all I could devise.
I kept a friend from saving her. She fell before my eyes.

There was a maid named Rayna, once, immortal and unknown.
I battled with Methuselah to have her love alone.
Her battle was the harder; too fierce, too bitter-sweet.
It tore her untried heart in two. She crumbled at my feet.

I love them and I lose them, and too many times they die.
I come home broken-hearted, and back to my stars I fly.
My steel-and-stardrive lady, I keep no love but you--
And when this mission's over, I suppose you'll leave me too.

Wobblies From Space

Listen and I'll tell you a tale that I've been told
Of a union organizer who knocked a starship cold;
They met where the stars are scattered thin, out on the galactic rim,
And Starfleet Command is sorry that they ever ran into him!

CHORUS: Fold up your guns, run while you can--
Look out, here comes the union man!

Now the ship was patrolling rim stars when she got a call for aid,
And up come a local convoy in a hurried, grim parade,
Saying, "Captain, we've caught a monster who's too much for us by far,"
"So take him, please, and throw him in the heart of the nearest star!"

"Just why do you need a whole convoy?" the Captain wished to know.
"Three ships to guard the other, or he'll grab it as we go!"
Now the Captain was intrigued, and he said, "Stand by for a scan."
But all that showed on the viewing screen was a little old union man.

The Captain said, "I can take him!" and he beamed the man aboard.
The convoy turned and raced away, crying, "Thank the Lord!"
Then the Captain looked him over, asking, "Just what's going on,
That they sent out half their trading fleet just to make sure you were gone?"

The little old man just chuckled, saying, "Captain, don't you know
My job is organizing, whenever I may go;
And I can build me a union out of anything you've got,
And the folks who run that planet, well, they disliked that a lot."

"I first organized the laborers, then I unionized the clerks.
Then I unionized the robots who staff the atomic works.
But when I organized the milk cows, and led them out on strike...
Well, you can guess what official reaction to that was like!"

"Amazing!" said the Captain, "But you can't do that in here--
My crew are loyal Navy men, and we've no cause to fear."
But he heard the old man saying, as he walked out the door,
"Captain, you know, there have so been Navy unions before."

Well, the Captain soon forgot him, setting course for Starbase Five.
For all he saw, the union man might never have been alive.
'Til a troubled ensign asked him, "Iss it true, Sir, what dey say--
Dat ve've got high-hazard duty without high-hazard pay?"

Well, the Captain couldn't answer, except to say, "It's true;
Starfleet could pay you better, but there's not much I can do."
But when he woke up next morning, he found out what morale was like,
For the bridge was filled with pickets, and the whole crew was on strike!

Then the union man walked up and said, "I'm sorry to trouble you,
But your ship is now a job-shop of the I.W.W.
We sent our demands to Starfleet Command, and they said they'll grant us none,
So we're just gonna keep on sailing until this strike is won."

"Now, further, we've decided to run this co-op style,
Giving everyone experience at each other's jobs awhile.
We like you too much to dump you at the first Starbase we see,
But we've voted you to the galley, and this week's command to me!"

So, somewhere down in the galley, you'll find poor Captain Kirk,
Scrubbing away on dishes, swearing it'll never work.
And Spock, as he dries those dishes, says, "It might succeed, I fear;
And please, Sir, while you're washing, don't splash water in my ear!"

Couplets For A Departure

Lukewarm julep in my hand,
Cold moon over a stifling land.
Georgia moon, shine down on me:
Getting old at forty-three.
Jo's at school, my wife's asleep--
I wish this hour of peace would keep.

How does love begin to die?
With what quarrel? With what lie?
No use tracing what we've said;
All that counts is, love is dead.
Take off the ring, unmake the vow...
And where in hell should I go now?

Too soon for grief, too late for fear;
I only know I can't stay here.
White stars dust the moon-washed sky,
Sing like sirens, "Come and fly!"
Years before I got these scars,
When I was young, I dreamed of stars.

Countless worlds that dot the night--
They'll give me room enough for flight.
If no one here can use my skill,
Somewhere out there, someone will.
I may find some peace out there,
But will I find love anywhere?



Castaway

Field of night. Flowers bright.
None spell safety in my sight.
Stars so clear. None so near
I can hope to reach from here.

Ship destroyed. Asteroid
Bears my beacon in the void.
No reply from the sky.
Wait in hope...or wait to die.

Call it fate. What use hate?
Nothing now but sit and wait.
Live or dead, all's been said.
Watch the stars wheel overhead.

Banned From Argo

When we pulled into Argo Port in need of R. & R.,
The crew set out investigating every joint and bar.
We had high expectations of their hospitality,
But found too late it wasn't geared for spacers such as we.

CHORUS: And we're banned from Argo, every one.
Banned from Argo, just for having a little fun.
We spent a jolly shore leave there for just
three days or four,
But Argo doesn't want us anymore.

The Captain's tastes were simple, but his methods were complex.
We found him with five partners, each of a different world and sex.
The Shore Police were on the way--we had no second chance.
We beamed him up in the nick of time--and the remnants of his pants.

Our Engineer would yield to none at putting down the brew;
He outranked seven space marines and a demolition crew.
The Navigator didn't win, but he outranked almost all,
And now they've got a shuttlecraft on the roof of City Hall.

Our proper, cool First Officer was drugged with something green,
And hauled into an alley, where he suffered things obscene.
He sobered up in Sickbay and he's none the worse for wear,
Except he's somehow taught the brige computer how to swear.

The Head Nurse disappeared awhile in the major Dope Bazaar,
Buying an odd green potion "guaranteed to cause Pon-Farr".
She came home with no uniform and an oddly cheerful heart,
And a painful way of walking--with her feet a yard apart.

Our lady of Communications won a ship-wide bet
By getting into the planet's main communications net.
Now every time someone calls up on an Argo telescreen,
The flesh is there, but the clothes they wear are nowhere to be seen.

Our Doctor loves Humanity; his private life is quiet.
The Shore Police arrested him for inciting whores to riot.
We found him in the city jail, locked on and beamed him free--
Intact except for hickeys and six kinds of VD.

Our Helmsman loves exotic plants; the plants all love him too.
He took some down on leave with him, and we wondered what they'd do,
'Til the planetary governor called and swore upon his life
That a gang of plants entwined his house and then seduced his wife!

A gang of pirates landed, and nobody seemed to care.
They stamped into the nearest bar to announce that they were there.
Half our crew was busy there, and invited them to play,
But the pirates only looked at us, and turned and ran away.

Our crew is Starfleet's finest, and our record is our pride.
And when we play we tend to leave a trail a mile wide.
We're sorry about the wreckage and the riots and the fuss;
At least we're sure that planet won't be quick forgetting us!

Thoughts On Strange Visitors

What manner of men are these who fly so free?
Not bound to any planet's rules,
Not tied to flocks and herding tools,
Not serving country-minded fools--
Not chained to dust, like me!

What manner of men are these, well-known to stars?
Not limited to one tribe's lands,
Not fed by any one tribe's hands.
The mountains where my border stands
Confine like prison bars!

What manner of men are these who stand alone?
In all they do or say to me,
The echo of the stars they see
Confirms that one could be so free--
It gnaws me to the bone!

What manner of men are these? I need to know!
They fill my dreams with wondrous things,
They give my soul impatient wings,
They show me where their freedom springs--
And I am called to go!



Six Haiku For A New Flower

Tiny, pale frond unfolding,
Trusting and shy as a child's hand in mine.

Little you know that this hand also
Holds swords, guides ships, and shatters worlds.

This garden, your home,
Is surrounded by fire and steel--a ship of war.

And I, sweet child, your father,
Her Helmsman, and gunnery officer.

Keep your green innocence!
How can you understand needs for peace at war?

My fathers were wise
Who carved intricate flowers on Samurai swords.

The Enemy Within

The scar of rage is on my head,
The life-scars on my hands.
We both stood here, an instant gone,
Where now one only stands--
Where now one only stands.

I've seen the monster at the core
No man should ever see,
And I've seen my angel, weak and pale,
And both of them are me--
And both of them are me!

I feel my strength roll back to me,
But now I know its source,
And I know how weak the ruling hand
That keeps the beast on course--
That keeps the beast on course.

What forces chain this warring pair?
What gulfs lie in between?
No hope in hell that I'll forget
The grim, gray truth I've seen--
The grim, gray truth I've seen.

The wolf goes back to harness now.
The cool mind rides above.
The doubts live on to shake my sleep...
From which of these grows love?
Cold stars!
Can both of these know love?

Neutral Zone, Romulan View

Gods of my ancestors, guide my hands,
Here on the borders of our sky;
Guarding beyond our known home lands,
Give me the strength to fight and die.

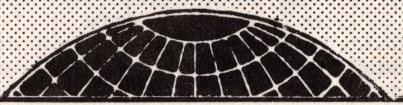
Somewhere beyond these ranks of stars
Fly strange ships of our alien foe,
Armed with knowledge that is not ours,
Steered by ethics we do not know.

Many the years since first we met
And clashed in the normal ways of war.
They could have conquered; they might yet.
We still don't know what they spared us for.

Fiercely their strong ships beat us back,
Yet all they asked was that war should cease.
Cunning and courage they do not lack...
Look: they have power but sue for peace!

And so we watch on the border here
For unknown dangers beyond our sky,
In unadmitted but constant fear.
Great gods, why did they spare us--why?

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